WIN A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT
SEE PAGE 23

# NUTTY

18p
IR 30p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 230 July 7th, 1984

THE COMIC WITH

## BANANAMAN

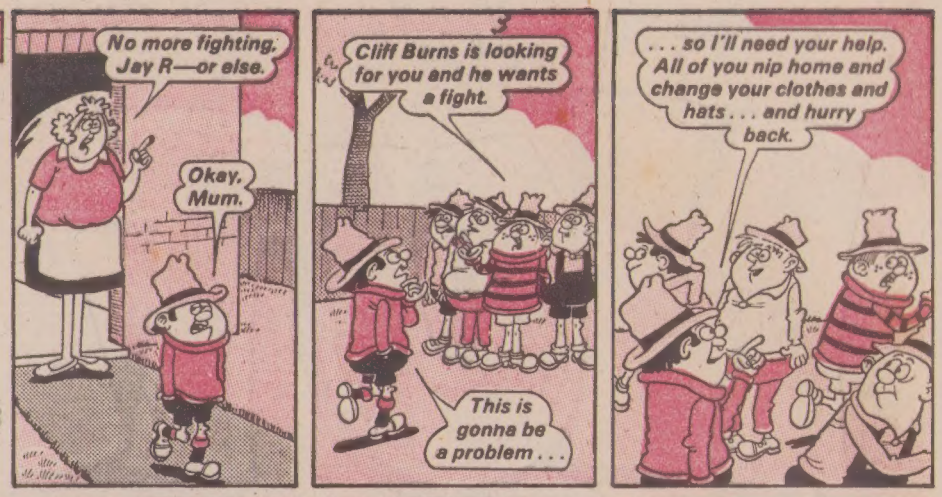
YOUR TV STAR

Er, three times the Battle of Hastings is . . . oh-oh! There goes the Bananaphone.
TRING! TRING!
I've got problems, Eric.
YOU have? I'VE got long divisions to do for homework.
Enough of that! Your arch-enemy's escaped from custody.
Who? Who? I must stop sounding like an owl.
ATTENTION BANANAFANS! FOLLOW MY NERVE-WRACKING ADVENTURES EVERY FRIDAY ON BBC1 TV AT 5.35
My nephew, Rotten Ronald. I was keeping an eye on him and he ambushed me with my own handcuffs.
I'll set you free just as soon as I bite this 'nana and become . . .
FOOM!
. . . ME! Hi, Fans—now to the rescue!
PATHETIC
SLITHER
NYEEE! What twit keeps leavin' 'nana skins lyin' around?

CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

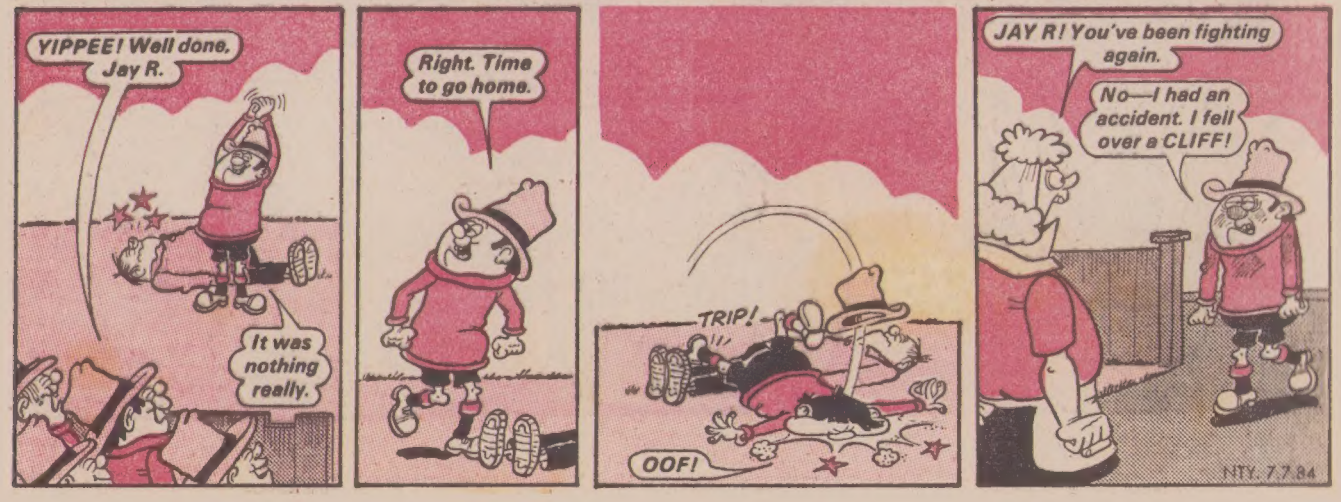
# JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!


No more fighting, Jay R—or else.
Okay, Mum.
Cliff Burns is looking for you and he wants a fight.
This is gonna be a problem . . .
. . . so I'll need your help. All of you nip home and change your clothes and hats . . . and hurry back.

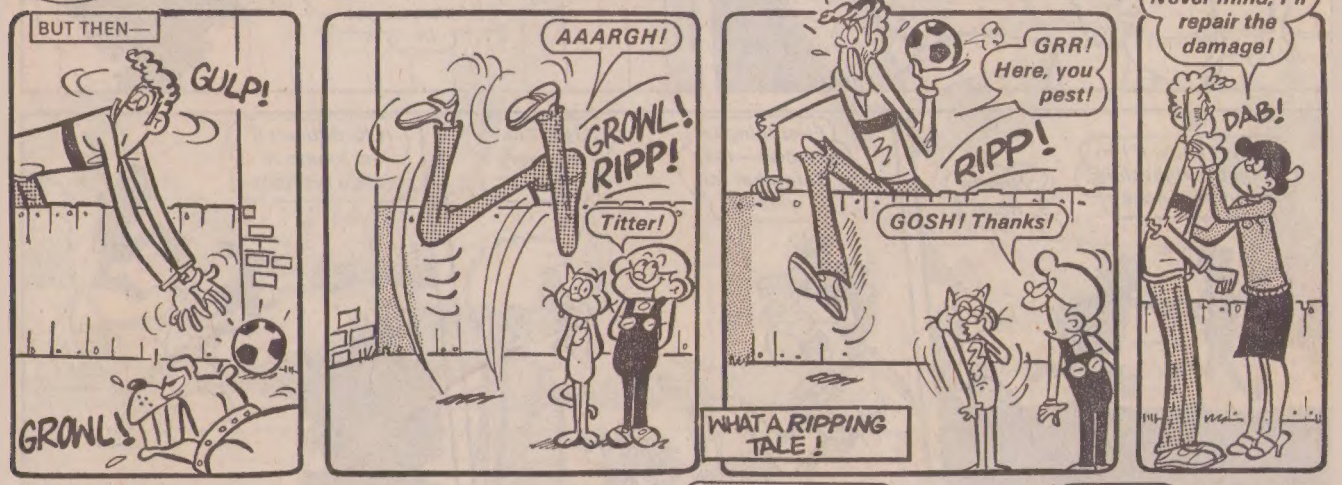
SHORTLY—
We've all changed, Jay R. Now we're all dressed like you.
So there you are, Jay R. I'm gonna fight you.
He seems rather a violent chap.
Scatter, Lads.
Eh? Which one is Jay R?

HO! HO! He's picked on Sydney to chase. He'll lead him a merry dance.
GASP! He's still on my tail, Jay R. PANT!
So there you are, Jay R. Come on and fight. PUFF! PANT!
Anything to oblige.
HEH-HEH! Cliff's too exhausted now to fight.
SMACK!

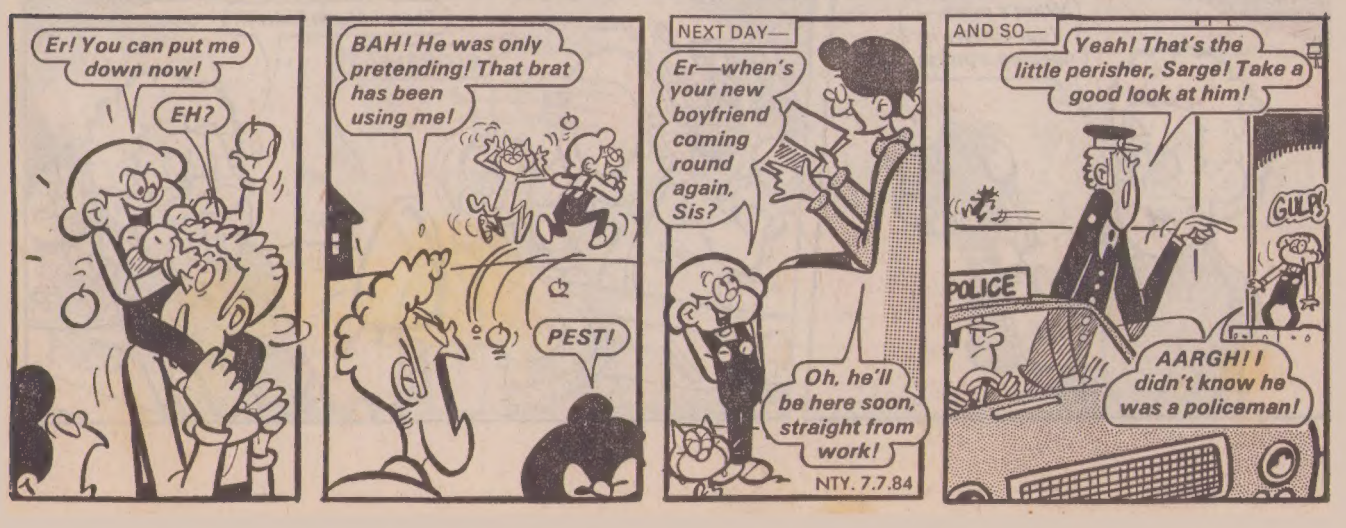

YIPPEE! Well done, Jay R.
It was nothing really.
Right. Time to go home.
TRIP!
OOF!
JAY R! You've been fighting again.
No—I had an accident. I fell over a CLIFF!
NTY. 7.7.84

# PETER Pest

Now, you behave when my new boyfriend arrives!
I promise, Sis!
Pleased to meet you! My, you're tall! Just the kind of chap I need to know.
LATER—
Er—I can't reach my ball. Can you help me?

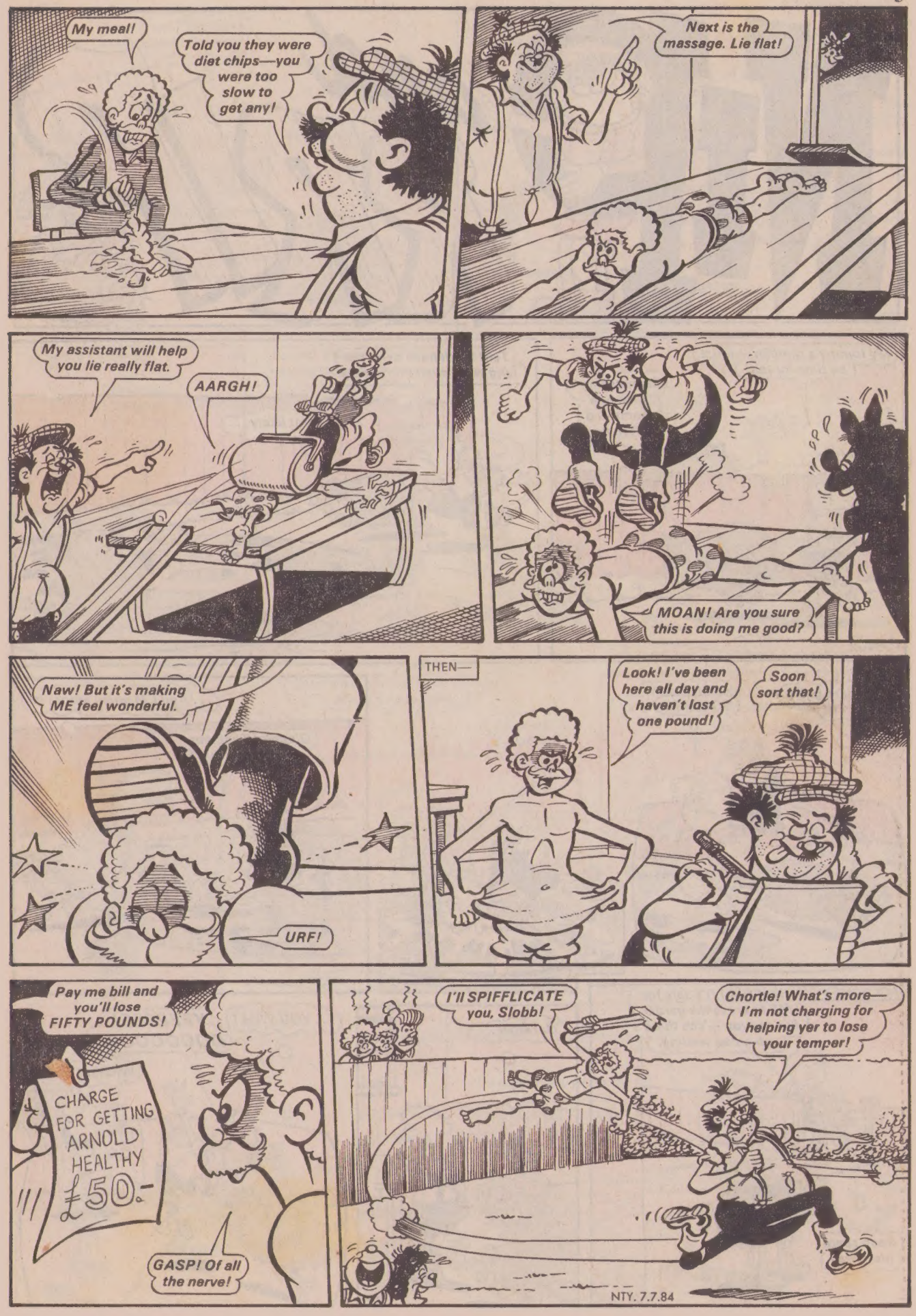

BUT THEN—
GULP!
GROWL!
AAARGH!
GROWL! RIPP!
Titter!
GRR! Here, you pest!
RIPP!
GOSH! Thanks!
WHAT A RIPPING TALE!
Never mind, I'll repair the damage!
DAB!

WOW! That's Peter's voice! What's wrong?
HOWL! GROAN
OO! AAAH! Stood on the ball! My ankle! OO! GROAN!
I'll take you to the hospital for an X-ray!
TA!
BUT—
Hee-hee! Just the right height for pinching apples!
PICK!
ORCHARD KEEP OUT!
COR!

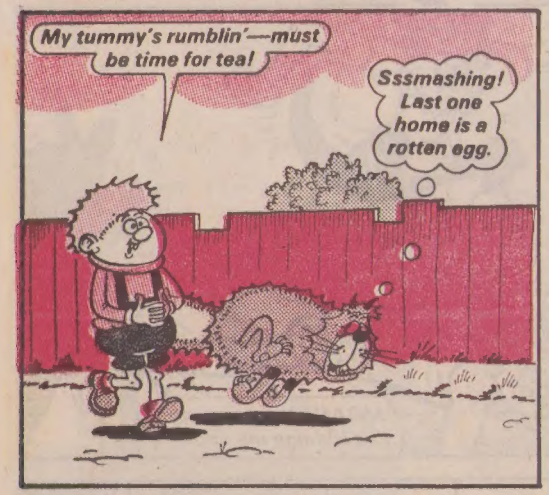

Er! You can put me down now!
EH?
BAH! He was only pretending! That brat has been using me!
PEST!
NEXT DAY—
Er—when's your new boyfriend coming round again, Sis?
Oh, he'll be here soon, straight from work!
NTY. 7.7.84
AND SO—
Yeah! That's the little perisher, Sarge! Take a good look at him!
GULP!
POLICE
AARGH! I didn't know he was a policeman!

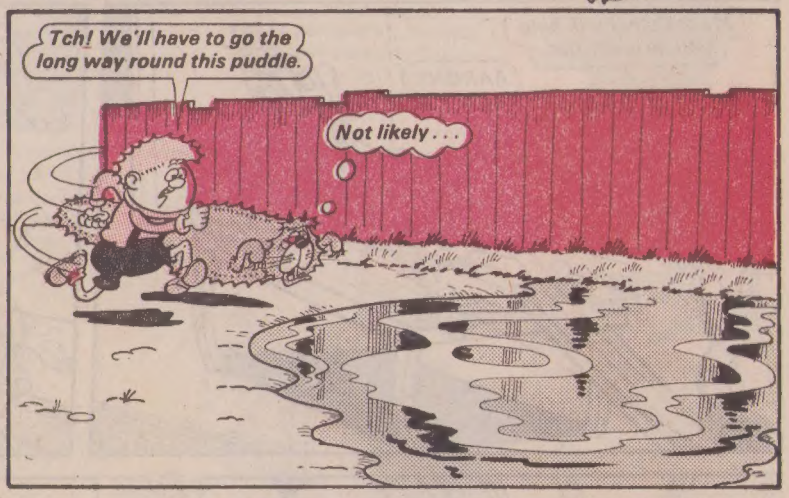
# THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

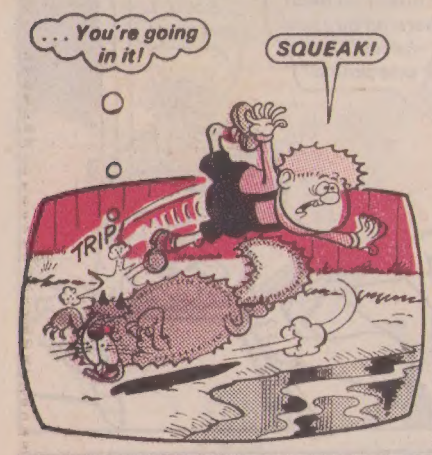
I say! I'm getting rather podgy.
Tut! Tut! And tut!
PA'S HEALTH CENTRE
In yer comes, Arnold. I'll help you get fit.
I don't know if I'm doing the right thing, but here goes.
Whatta mug!
First thing is exercise—take Scratcher for walkies.
Tush! That's not very difficult.
It IS difficult if yer wants to dodge his fleas.
EEEK! EEK!
Look at that! You're climbing trees already.
Keep that mutt away from me!
Next is nosh! These are diet chips.
Ridiculous! How can chips be part of a diet?
What's more— Your cutlery is needing a polish.
NTY. 7.7.84
There! Much better!
GLOBBLE!


My meal!
Told you they were diet chips—you were too slow to get any!
Next is the massage. Lie flat!
My assistant will help you lie really flat.
AARGH!
MOAN! Are you sure this is doing me good?
Naw! But it's making ME feel wonderful.
URF!
THEN—
Look! I've been here all day and haven't lost one pound!
Soon sort that!
Pay me bill and you'll lose FIFTY POUNDS!
CHARGE FOR GETTING ARNOLD HEALTHY £50.-
GASP! Of all the nerve!
I'll SPIFFLICATE you, Slobb!
Chortle! What's more—I'm not charging for helping yer to lose your temper!
NTY. 7.7.84

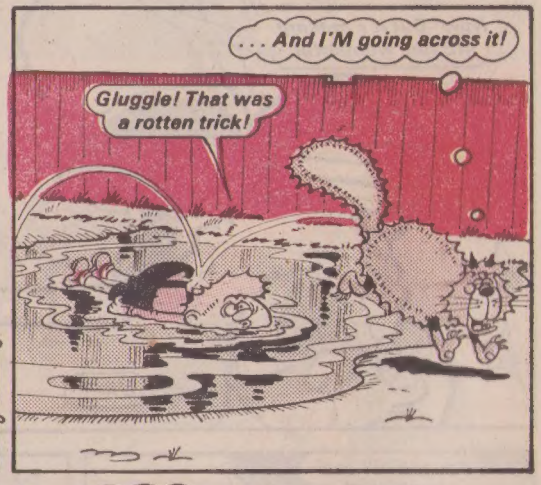
# MR and RRP

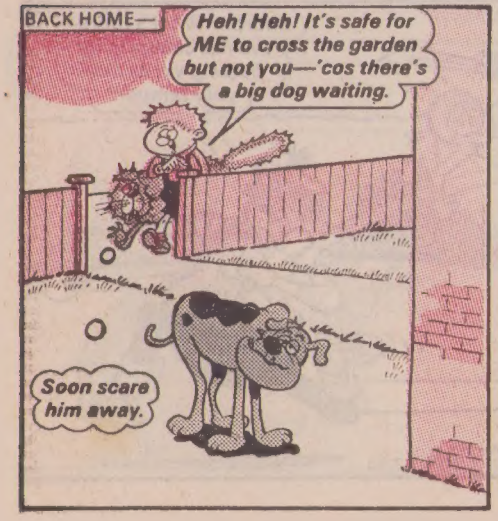

My tummy's rumblin'—must be time for tea!
Sssmashing! Last one home is a rotten egg.

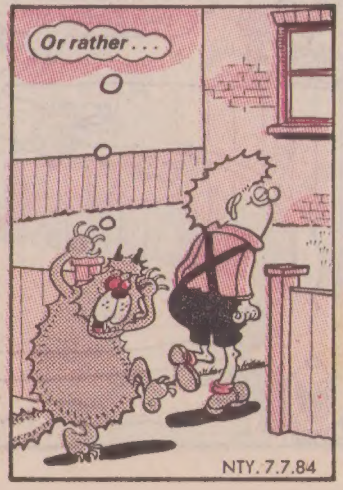

Tch! We'll have to go the long way round this puddle.
Not likely . . .

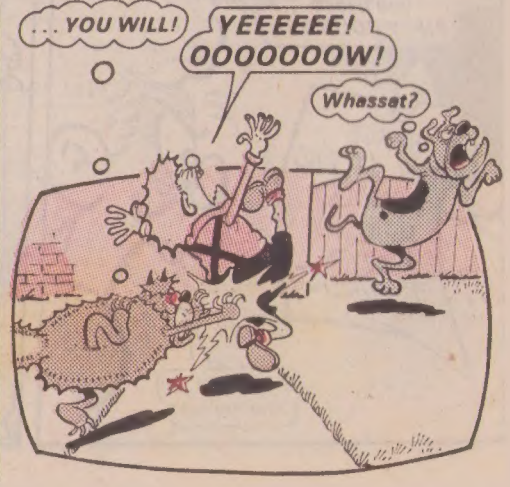

. . . You're going in it!
SQUEAK!
TRIP

SPUNGE!


. . . And I'M going across it!
Gluggle! That was a rotten trick!


BACK HOME—
Heh! Heh! It's safe for ME to cross the garden but not you—'cos there's a big dog waiting.
Soon scare him away.

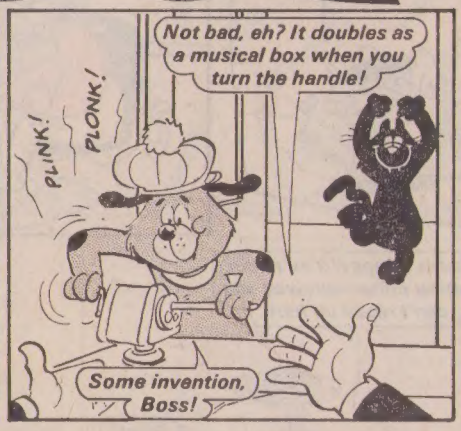

Or rather . . .
NTY. 7.7.84

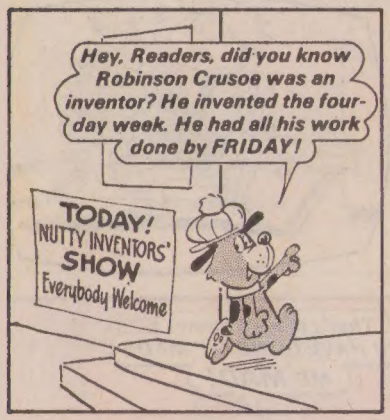

. . . YOU WILL!
YEEEEEE! OOOOOOOW!
Whasset?

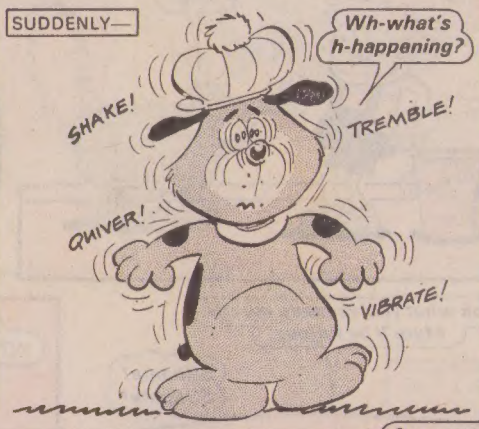
Hee! Hee! That noise really scared the mutt!
WHINE! WHINE! WHINE! WHIMPER!
Careful, Nip—I've just finished washing the floor.
Okay, Mum!
Grub!
RRIP
2 SECONDS LATER—
Finished! But I'm still hungry!
RRIP
Scram, Moggy! You're not getting mine—anyway you can't reach up here.
Slup!
Who can't reach up there?
GERROFF!
Chomp! Slobber!
Flippin' grub robber!
Look what you've made me do! Mum'll be furious!
SShame! SShame!
That's the last straw! YOU HAVE GONE AN' MADE ME MAD!
ULP!
Hold tight!
Ooo-'eck!
NTY. 7.7.84
I'm gonna wipe the floor with you, Cat!
Ssspare me, Massster! I don't want to be a soggy moggy!

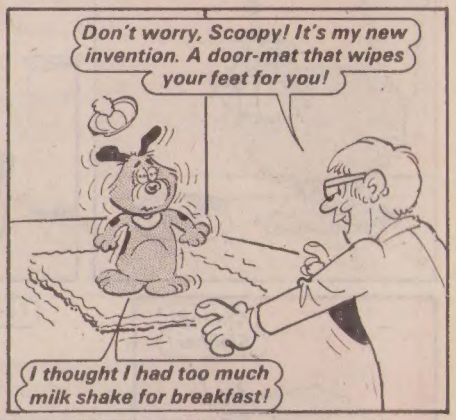
# SCOOPY

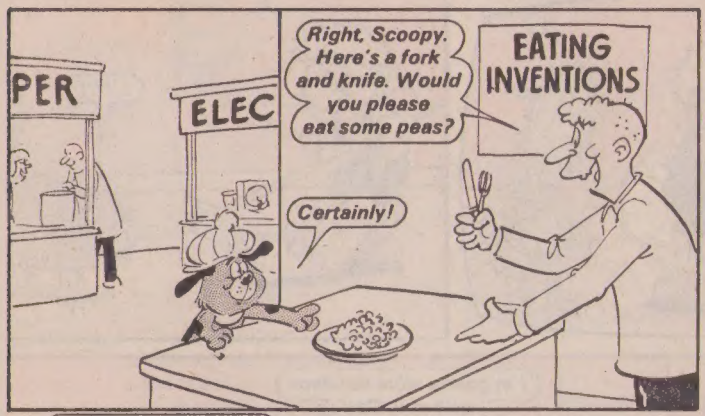
## THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

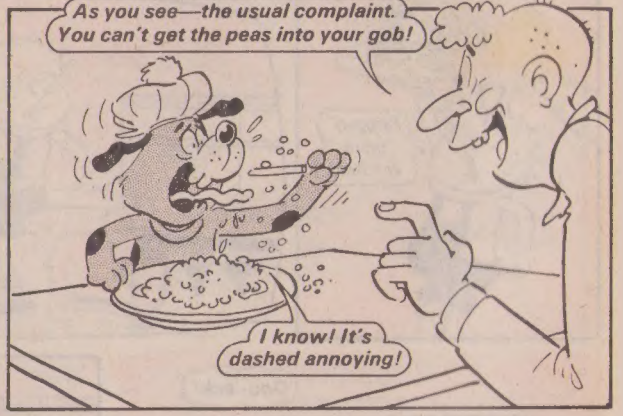


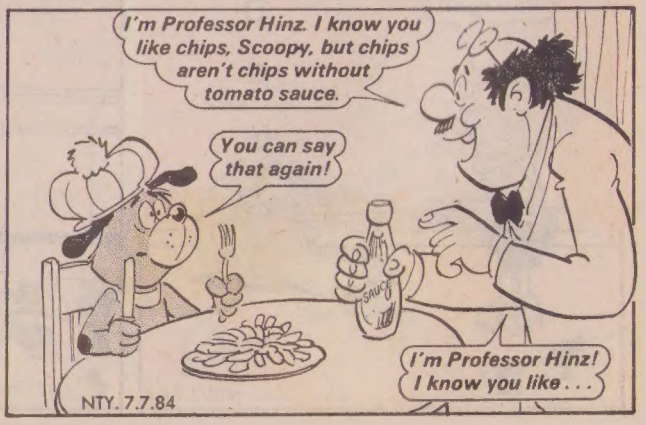

Hey, Readers, did you know Robinson Crusoe was an inventor? He invented the four-day week. He had all his work done by FRIDAY!
TODAY! NUTTY INVENTORS' SHOW Everybody Welcome

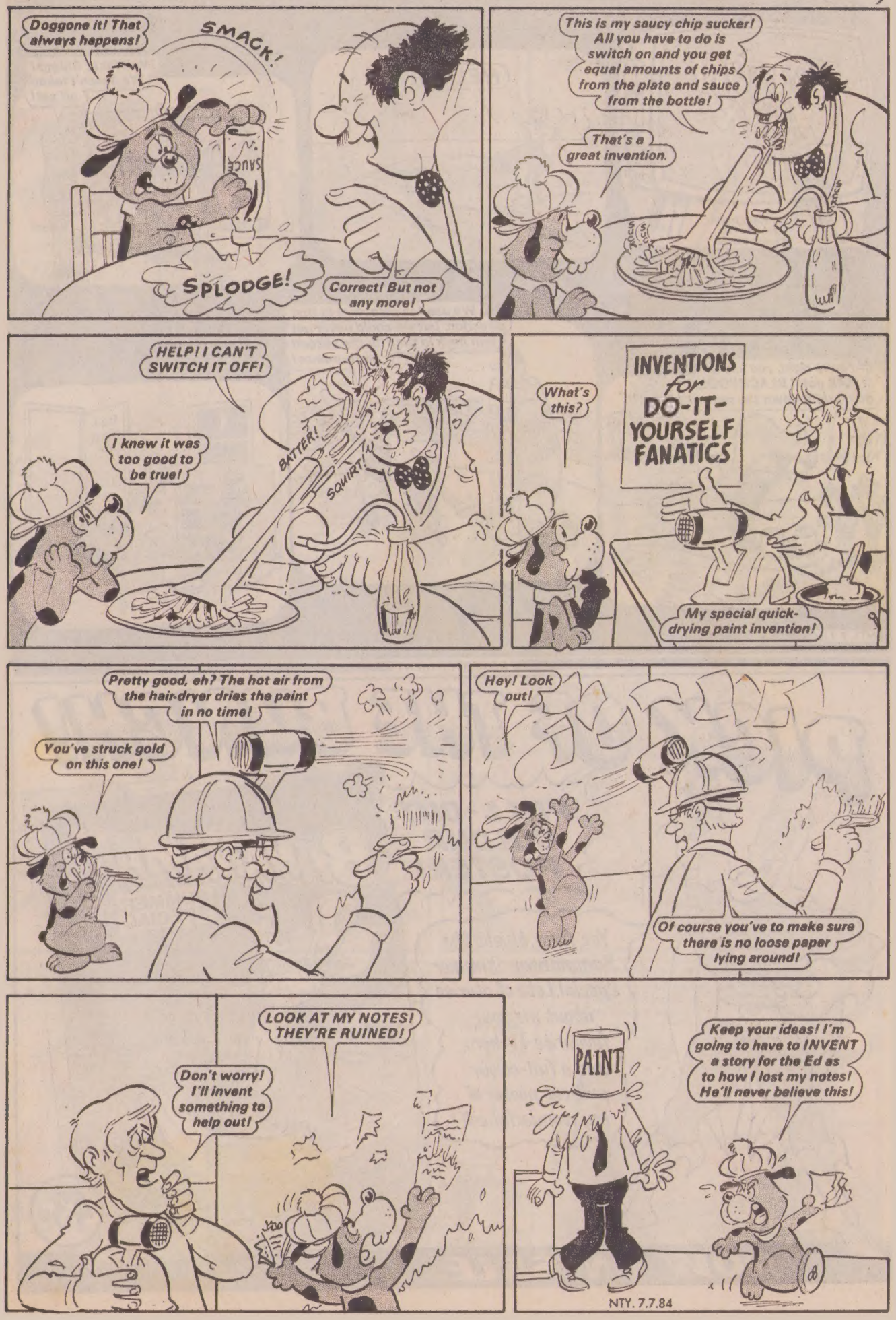


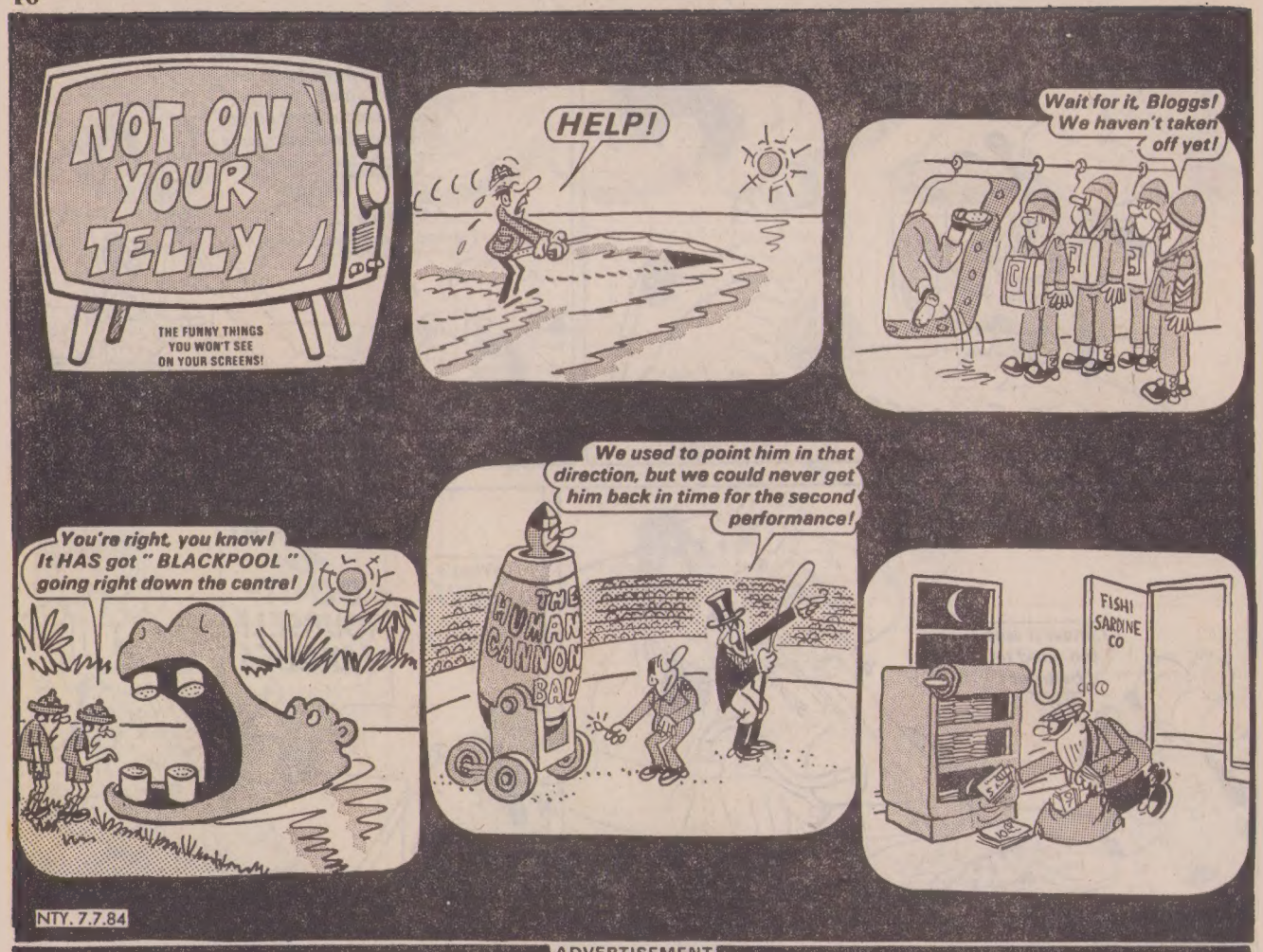


Don't worry, Scoopy! It's my new invention. A door-mat that wipes your feet for you!
I thought I had too much milk shake for breakfast!




I'm Professor Hinz. I know you like chips, Scoopy, but chips aren't chips without tomato sauce.
You can say that again!
I'm Professor Hinz! I know you like . . .
NTY. 7.7.84


Doggone it! That always happens!
SMACK!
SAUCE
SPLODGE!
Correct! But not any more!
This is my saucy chip sucker! All you have to do is switch on and you get equal amounts of chips from the plate and sauce from the bottle!
That's a great invention.
HELP! I CAN'T SWITCH IT OFF!
I knew it was too good to be true!
BATTER!
SQUIRT!
What's this?
INVENTIONS for DO-IT-YOURSELF FANATICS
My special quick-drying paint invention!
Pretty good, eh? The hot air from the hair-dryer dries the paint in no time!
You've struck gold on this one!
Hey! Look out!
Of course you've to make sure there is no loose paper lying around!
LOOK AT MY NOTES! THEY'RE RUINED!
Don't worry! I'll invent something to help out!
PAINT
Keep your ideas! I'm going to have to INVENT a story for the Ed as to how I lost my notes! He'll never believe this!
NTY. 7.7.84


NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
HELP!
Wait for it, Bloggs! We haven't taken off yet!
We used to point him in that direction, but we could never get him back in time for the second performance!
THE HUMAN CANNON BALL
You're right, you know! It HAS got " BLACKPOOL " going right down the centre!
FISH! SARDINE CO
NTY. 7.7.84

ADVERTISEMENT

PICK OF THE BUNCH!

PULL-OUT COLOUR POSTER!

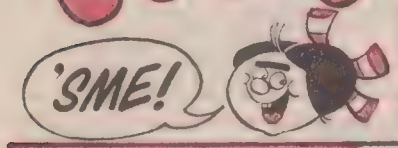
Yes, fans, that's the Bananaman Summer Special. Lots of stories about me, your favourite TV hero, and a full-colour pull-out poster of my wonderful self!

BANANAMAN
SUMMER SPECIAL 43p

43p

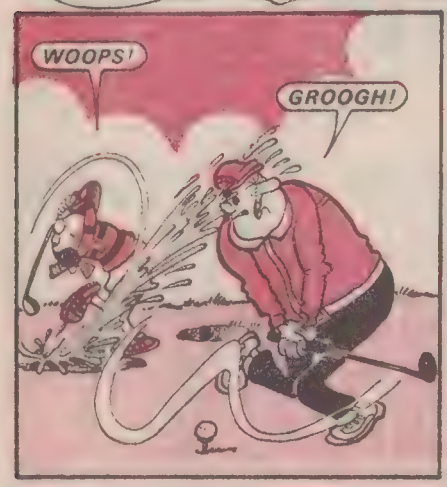
NOW ON SALE

# SPORTS FAN

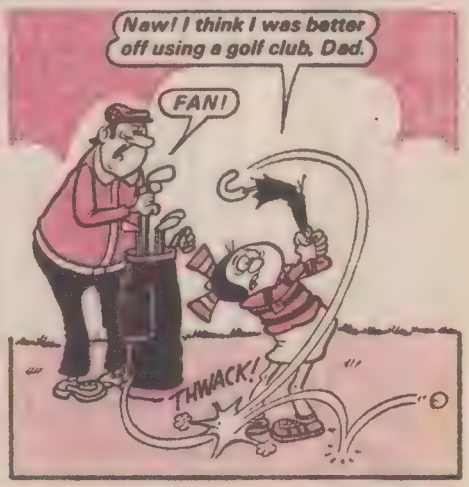

'SME!

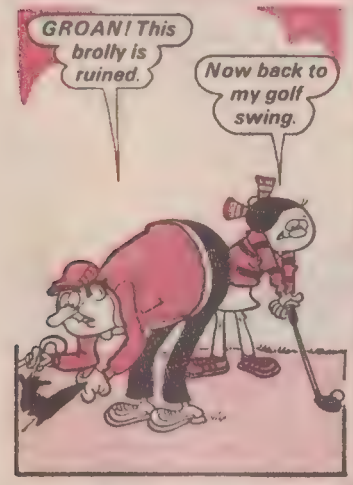
I've persuaded Dad to take me golfing today.
I must be mad.

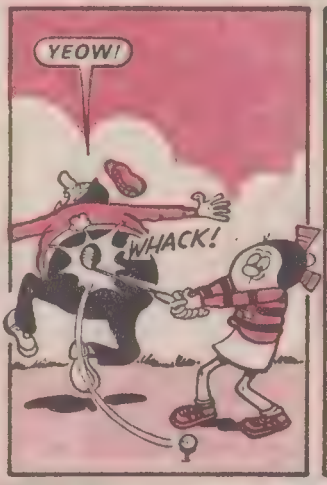
SOON—
Okay—I'll just practise my golf swing.
I'll go first and show you how it's done.
GOLF COURSE


WOOPS!
GROOGH!

Must be a shower of rain. Here, you can use my golfing brolly, Fan.
Eh? Well, Okay.


Naw! I think I was better off using a golf club, Dad.
FAN!
THWACK!


GROAN! This brolly is ruined.
Now back to my golf swing.


YEOW!
WHACK!

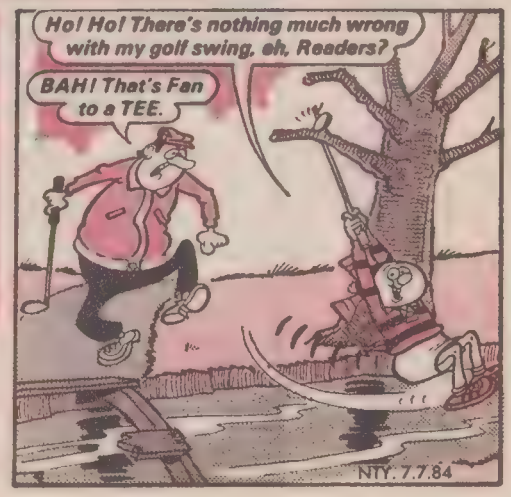
GRR! OOH! AAH!
Did you say something, Dad?
WHAP!

DOOPH!
Oh, well saved, Dad—I thought I might've lost that one.

GRR! I'll show you my golf swing, Fan.
Ahem! Thanks, Dad, but NO THANKS!

OH, NO! I'm trapped.

Hold on— I've an idea.


Ho! Ho! There's nothing much wrong with my golf swing, eh, Readers?
BAH! That's Fan to a TEE.
NTY. 7.7.84

# BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER

Sorry I'm late, Chief—I skidded here just as quickly as I could.

BLAM!

Just get me free . . .

There—snappy-poo! It's easy when you have super strength.

Gurr! Another pair of cuffs ruined. Why do you never wait till I stop talkin'?

SNICK!

I was going to tell you the key was in my back pocket.

Sorry, Chief—I'll be on my way then.

Now where's that little horror got to?

AHA! AHO! AHEE! There he is!

Right, Ronnie, are you comin' quietly so I can get home to finish my maths homework?

I've got a sum for you, Bananabonce

Take one leg away from two legs . . .

GNNGH!

BOOT

SUCKITTY-SUCK!

. . . and you're left with one leg—right?

HOP HOP

Now take one leg from ONE leg . . .

KICK

UMPH!

. . . and what are you left with?

You're left without A LEG TO STAND ON, that's what!

OOYAH! Me botty bone!

LATER—

OOH! That rotter crushed all the piggies that went to market an' ate roast beef.

See what your nasty nephew did to my tootsies—I had to have them bandaged.

You have to keep him at a safe distance and then capture him.

I've got an idea!

Why do your ideas give me a pain in the feet?

Listen . . . take one naughty boy, add a bandage . . .

DUH! Yes, Chief. Go on—I'm all biceps!

NTY. 7.7.84

Quick, Ronald—Grab hold of this!

EH? Wh-what . . ?

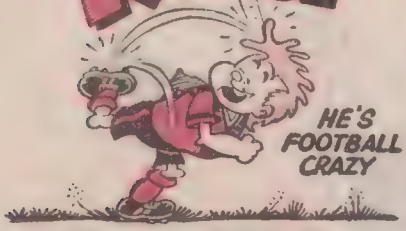
HEY! This is cheatin'!

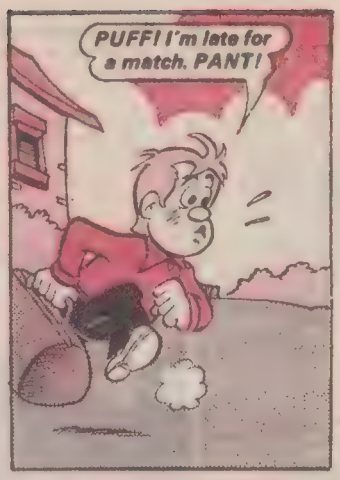
All's fair in love, war an' maths homework, Ronald.

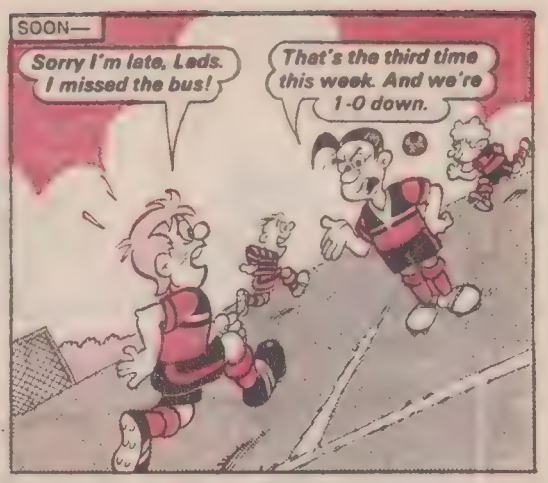
Speaking of homework, that's what you'll be doing till your MUMMY collects you. SUMthing tells me this WRAPS up another case.

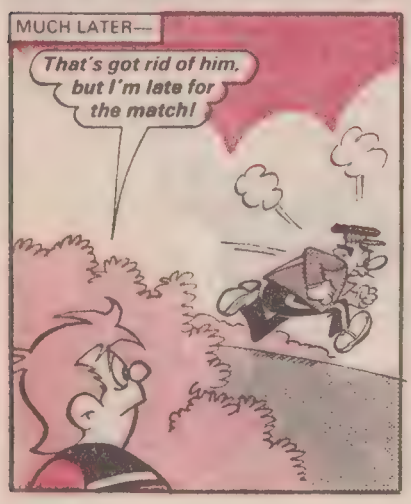
NTY. 7.7.84

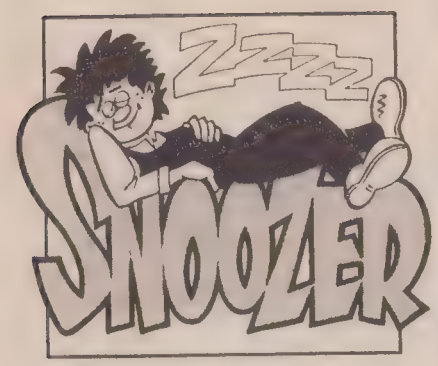
# Cannonball Kid

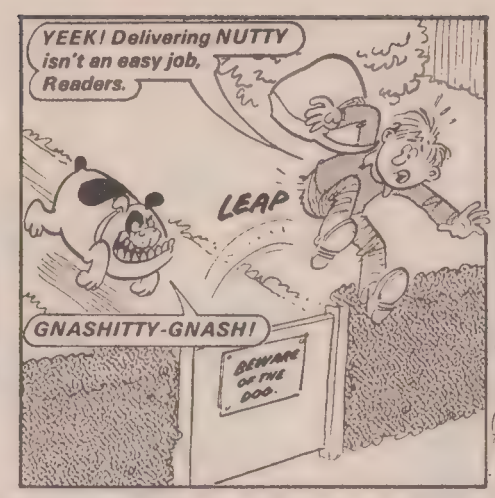


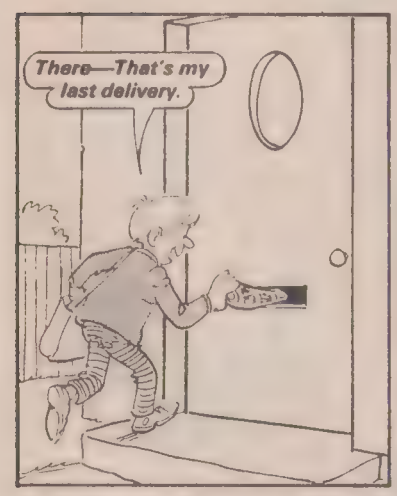



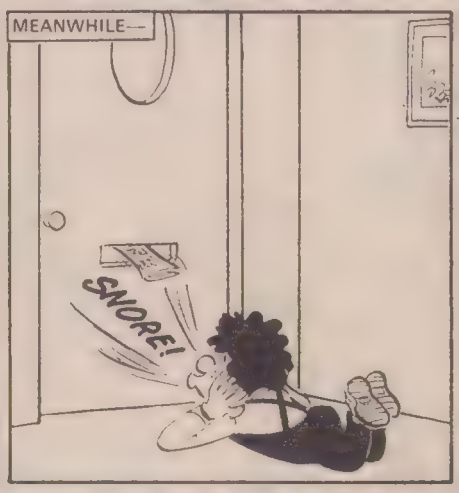


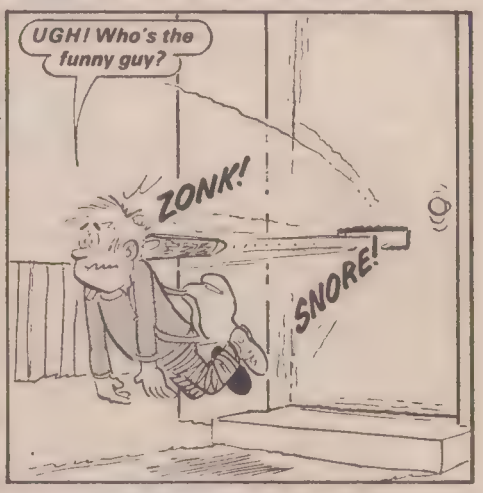

ZZZZ
SNOOZER


YEEK! Delivering NUTTY isn't an easy job, Readers.
LEAP
GNASHITTY-GNASH!
BEWARE OF THE DOG.

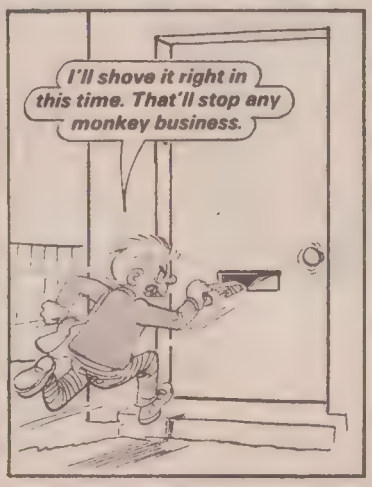
PHEW! Thank goodness—no dog to worry me here.
SNOOZER'S RESIDENCE

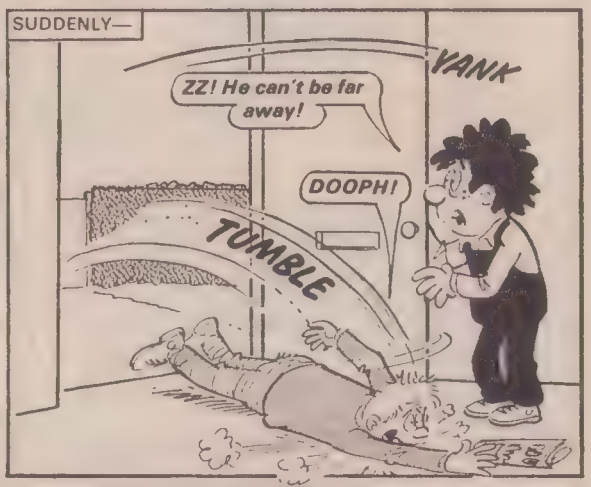

There—That's my last delivery.

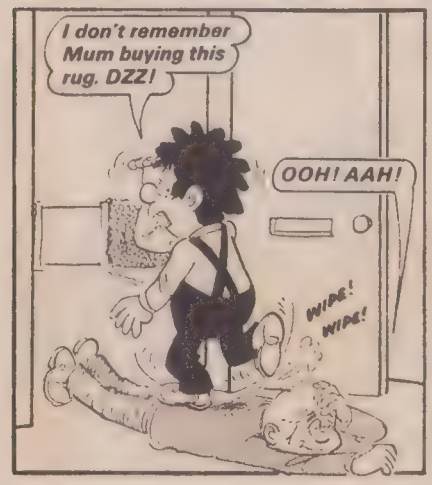

MEANWHILE—
SNORE!


UGH! Who's the funny guy?
ZONK!
SNORE!

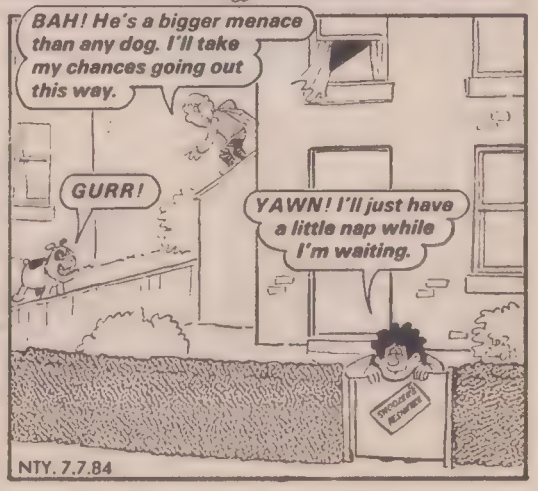
YAWN! I'll see if the paper boy's bringing my Nutty yet.

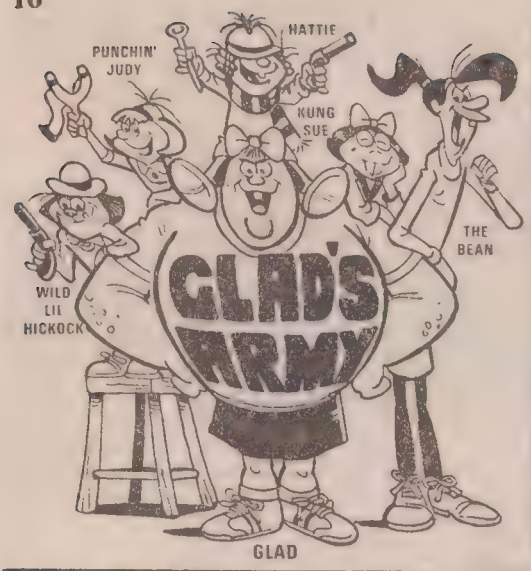

I'll shove it right in this time. That'll stop any monkey business.


SUDDENLY—
YANK
ZZ! He can't be far away!
DOOPH!
TUMBLE

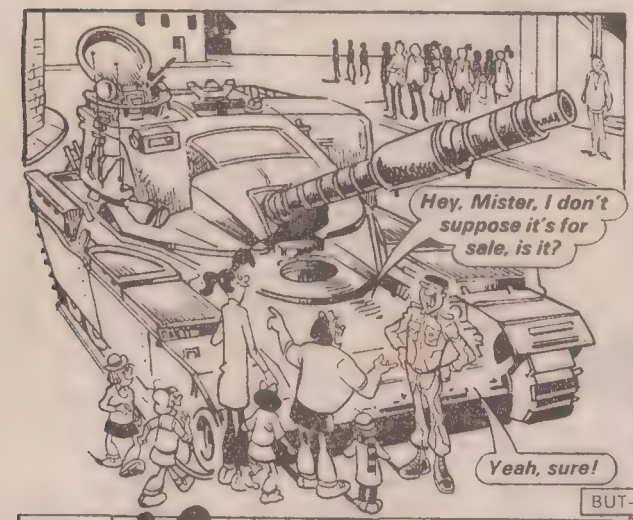

I don't remember Mum buying this rug. DZZ!
OOH! AAH!
WIDE!
WIDE!

He must've forgotten me.
CLICK!
READER'S VOICE
I don't think he'll ever forget YOU, Snoozer.


BAH! He's a bigger menace than any dog. I'll take my chances going out this way.
GURR!
YAWN! I'll just have a little nap while I'm waiting.
NTY. 7.7.84

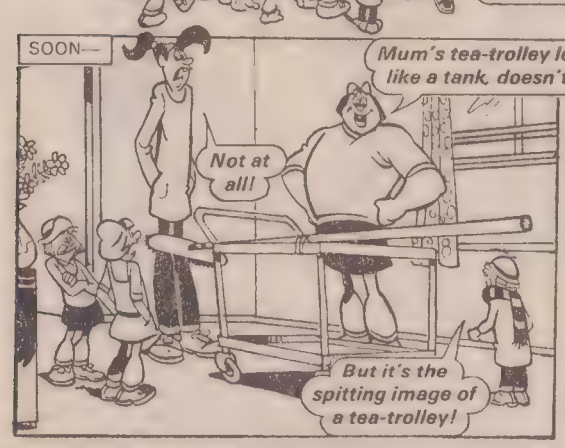

PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S ARMY
GLAD

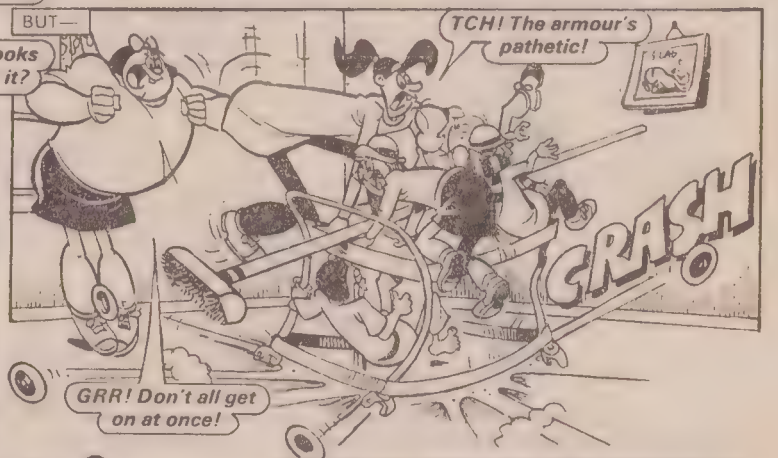
Look at that tank! Our army could do with one of them!


Hey, Mister, I don't suppose it's for sale, is it?
Yeah, sure!

Fifty thousand pounds an' it's yours!
ULP! I think we'd better shop around!

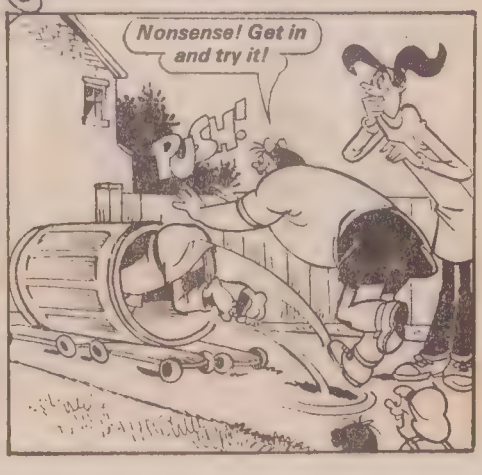
Come on, Army. We'd be cheaper making our own tank!


SOON—
Mum's tea-trolley looks like a tank, doesn't it?
Not at all!
But it's the spitting image of a tea-trolley!


BUT—
TCH! The armour's pathetic!
CRASH!
GRR! Don't all get on at once!

PRESENTLY—
This will make a stronger tank!

There! Fantastic!
It's a bit small!
NTY. 7.7.84


Nonsense! Get in and try it!
PUSH!

PRESENTLY -
Stop mucking about with that bin—
—I've got to empty it!
B-But!
GLOOP!
Poo! What a nauseating niff!
HMM! Just like Mother used to make!
Here we are. My brother's old pram and bath. A perfect tank!
Wha—? HELP!
YEEARGH!
CRASH!
Okay, there's only one way to get a proper tank and that's to buy one!
At fifty thousand pounds? Are you crazy?
Great, isn't it? Worth every penny I paid!
NTY. 7.7.84
I had to buy something for my brother's birthday anyway.

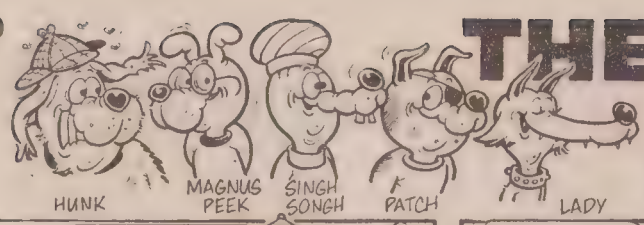
THIS WEEK–

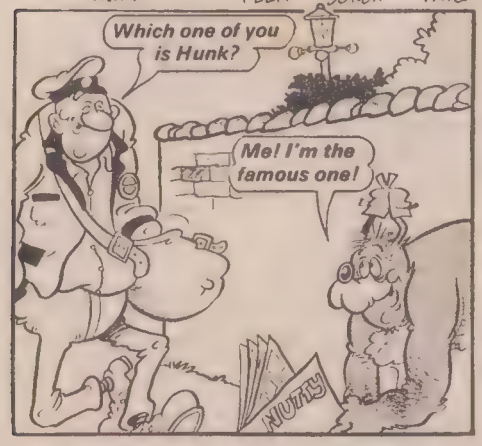
# WEATHERMAN

Bananaman's waiting for a special consignment of bananas to arrive by boat. Your job is to make sure the boat never arrives!
Roger. Wilco!
Come rain, wind or hail, your servant will not fail!
I hope you're better at foiling Bananabonce than you are at poetry!
SOON—
AHA! There it is!
FAZOOM!
A blast of my icy-cold air will send those bananas running for their woolly underwear!
TCH! Wrong boat! That one's full of ice-skaters!
We can get some early training in!
PRESENTLY—
That must be the boat— but I'll go down to check, just in case!
Excuse me, is this the banana boat?
SLIP
SLITHER
TWIT!
Whoops! No need to answer that!
That's definitely the boat!
He must've come up the river in a banana boat!
Some thick fog should do the trick!
NTY. 7.7.84

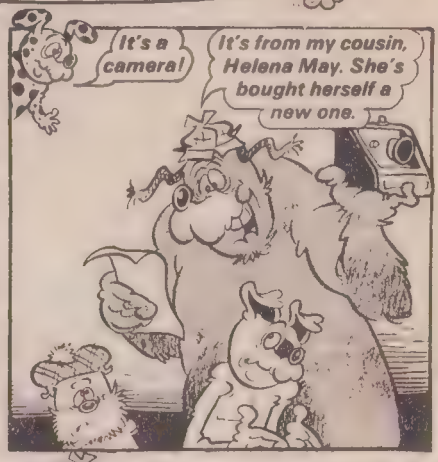
Now the boat's bound to crash into something!
CRUMP!
It did! MY CAPSULE!
I'd better get rid of that ship before anything else goes wrong!
A whirlwind will do it!
That she blows! Now to report back to the General.
Mission accomplished, General. The ship will now be lying wrecked somewhere!
It is, and I know where!
Suffering Siroccos! It's landed in Bananaman's back-yard!
Great service, but it doesn't half make a mess of the azaleas!
You worthless wind-maker. You delivered the boat right to Bananaman's door!
BANANAMAN MONITOR
NTY. 7.7.84

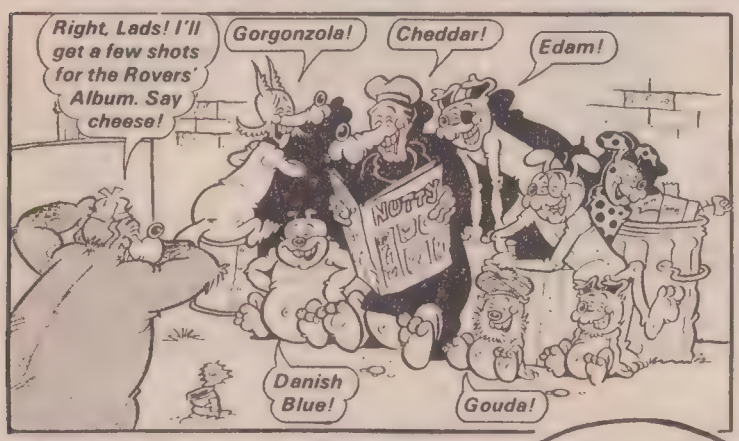
# THE WILD


HUNK
MAGNUS PEEK
SINGH SONGH
PATCH
LADY

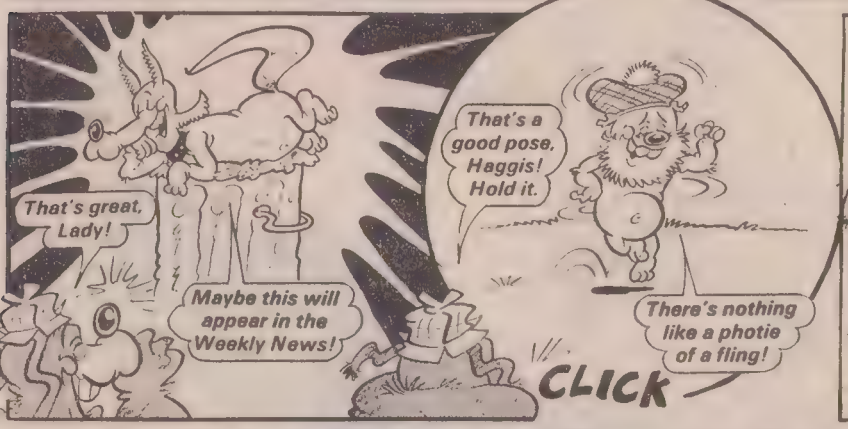

Which one of you is Hunk?
Me! I'm the famous one!
NUTTY

Well, there's a parcel for you.
I wonder what it is?
Maybe it is the grub!


It's a camera!
It's from my cousin, Helena May. She's bought herself a new one.

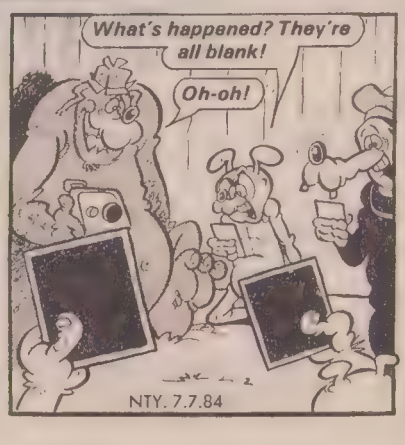

Right, Lads! I'll get a few shots for the Rovers' Album. Say cheese!
Gorgonzola!
Cheddar!
Edam!
NUTTY
Danish Blue!
Gouda!

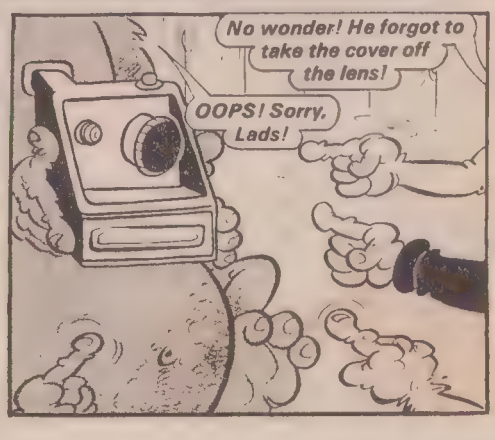
BUZZ
BUZZ
It's a polaride, so we can see them right away!
Hold it! I'll take a few more then we can see them all together.


That's great, Lady!
Maybe this will appear in the Weekly News!
That's a good pose, Haggis! Hold it.
There's nothing like a photie of a fling!
CLICK

I have always wanted to be the gun-dog. How's this?
Perfect!

AFTER THEY WERE ALL TAKEN –
Right, take your pick!


What's happened? They're all blank!
Oh-oh!
NTY. 7.7.84


No wonder! He forgot to take the cover off the lens!
OOPS! Sorry, Lads!

# ROVERS

DOGSBODY
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
HAGGIS
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

Look, I've taken the cover off. Let's start again.
Nothing doing!
Us high-class models are in demand!

Fat lot of good you did me. You're for the bin!

Wait a minute! That over there looks interesting!

Oh, boy! What an exposure!
CLICK
CLICK
This is the stuff to win Photographer of the Year!

AND LATER, BACK AT THE ALLEY—
Hey, Fellers! You'll never—where is everybody?

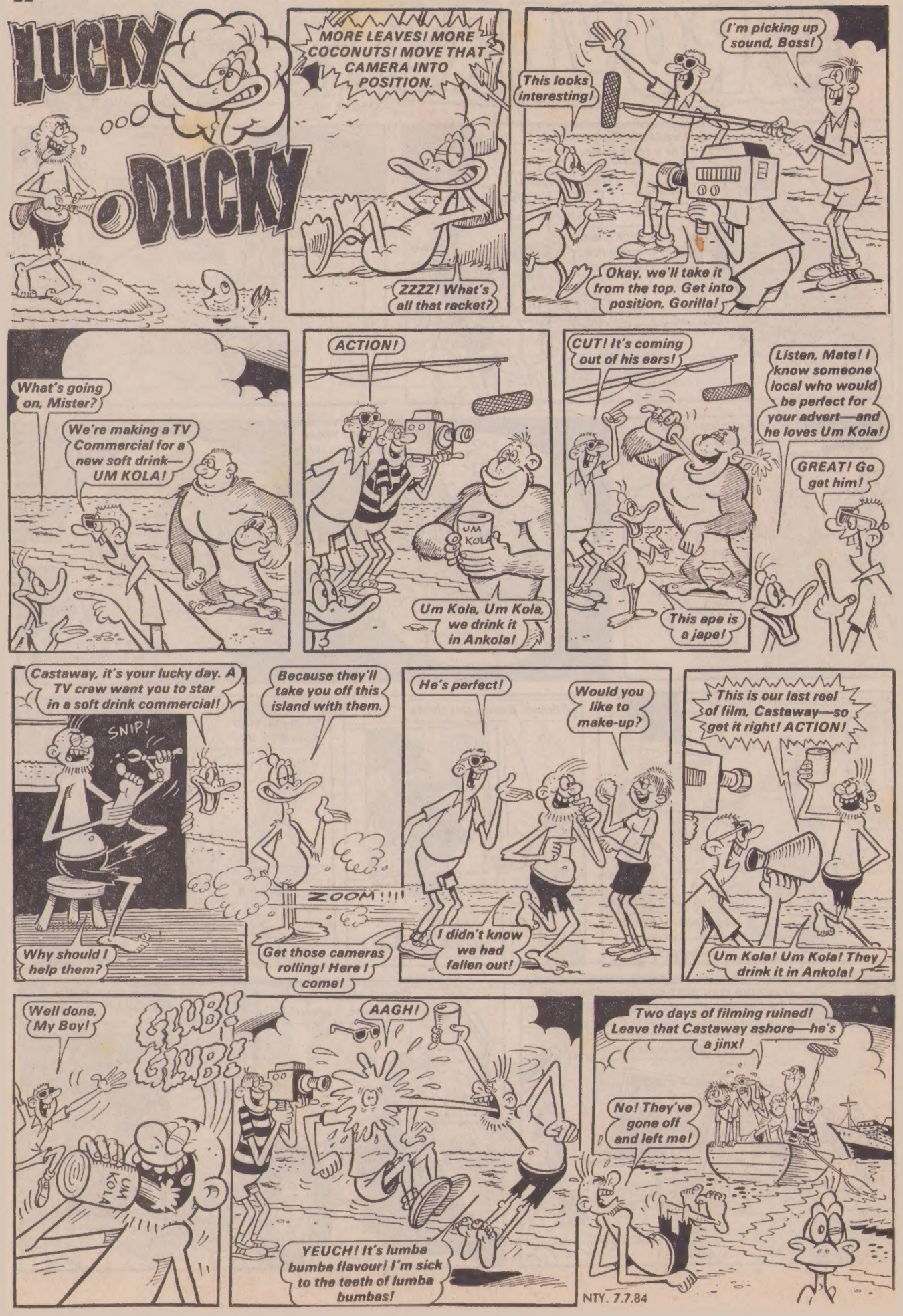
Blimey, Basil's got them.
In you go, Mutt!

Oh, so you want to join your mates, eh?
That's right! But out here, not in the pound!

I'm sure your next-door neighbour will be interested in these. But he'll never see them if you let my pals go!
But—how did—?

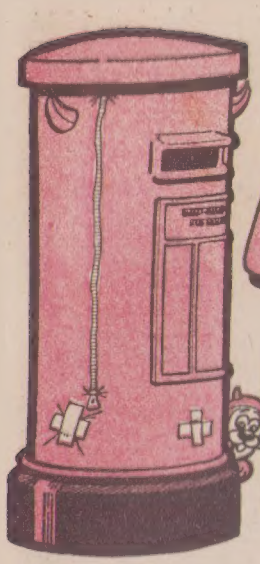
BOO-HOO! They've done it again!
RIPP
Well done, Hunk!
Basil had a SNAP decision to make there!

NTY. 7.7.84


LUCKY DUCKY
MORE LEAVES! MORE COCONUTS! MOVE THAT CAMERA INTO POSITION.
ZZZZ! What's all that racket?
This looks interesting!
I'm picking up sound, Boss!
Okay, we'll take it from the top. Get into position, Gorilla!
What's going on, Mister?
We're making a TV Commercial for a new soft drink—UM KOLA!
ACTION!
UM KOLA
Um Kola, Um Kola, we drink it in Ankola!
CUT! It's coming out of his ears!
This ape is a jape!
Listen, Mate! I know someone local who would be perfect for your advert—and he loves Um Kola!
GREAT! Go get him!
Castaway, it's your lucky day. A TV crew want you to star in a soft drink commercial!
SNIP!
Why should I help them?
Because they'll take you off this island with them.
ZOOM!!!
Get those cameras rolling! Here I come!
He's perfect!
Would you like to make-up?
I didn't know we had fallen out!
This is our last reel of film, Castaway—so get it right! ACTION!
Um Kola! Um Kola! They drink it in Ankola!
Well done, My Boy!
GUB! GUB!
UM KOLA
AAGH!
YEUCH! It's lumba bumba flavour! I'm sick to the teeth of lumba bumbas!
Two days of filming ruined! Leave that Castaway ashore—he's a jinx!
No! They've gone off and left me!
NTY. 7.7.84

# WRITE TO.....

# BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

## ANIMAL CRACKER!

What has three ears, four trunks, seven legs and three tails?

*An elephant with spare parts!*

**GAVIN SEVIER, MILTON KEYNES.**

**DANIEL SCANLON, LONDON.**

## HIT AND MISS!

Gardener—I'll teach you to throw stones at my greenhouse!

Boy—Good; I've already had ten shots and I haven't hit it yet!

**MICHAEL AUSTIN, GILLINGHAM.**

## CLEAN LIVING!

Which detective has bubble-baths?

Sherlock FOAMS!

**JAVINE RANGER, EASTBOURNE.**

## IT FIGURES!

William—What have you got in the bag?

Father—Oranges.

William—If I guess how many there are, will you give me one?

Father—If you guess, I'll give you them both.

William—Five.

Father—Correct!

**GAVIN MACLEAN, IRVINE.**

## FOOTBALL FUNNY

What is Count Dracula's favourite football fixture?

Screams Park Rangers v West Fang United.

**MICHAEL JACKSON, BATH.**

## GREEK GUFFAW

What's yellow and sings?

BANANA MOUSKOURI!

**NUTTY READER, PERTH.**

## MONKEY BUSINESS

What do baby apes sleep in?

APEricots!

**MAXINE BRAGG, WARRINGTON.**

## SEASICKNESS!

"Doctor! Doctor! I keep thinking I'm the sea!"

"What do you mean?"

"I keep WAVING to people on the beach!"

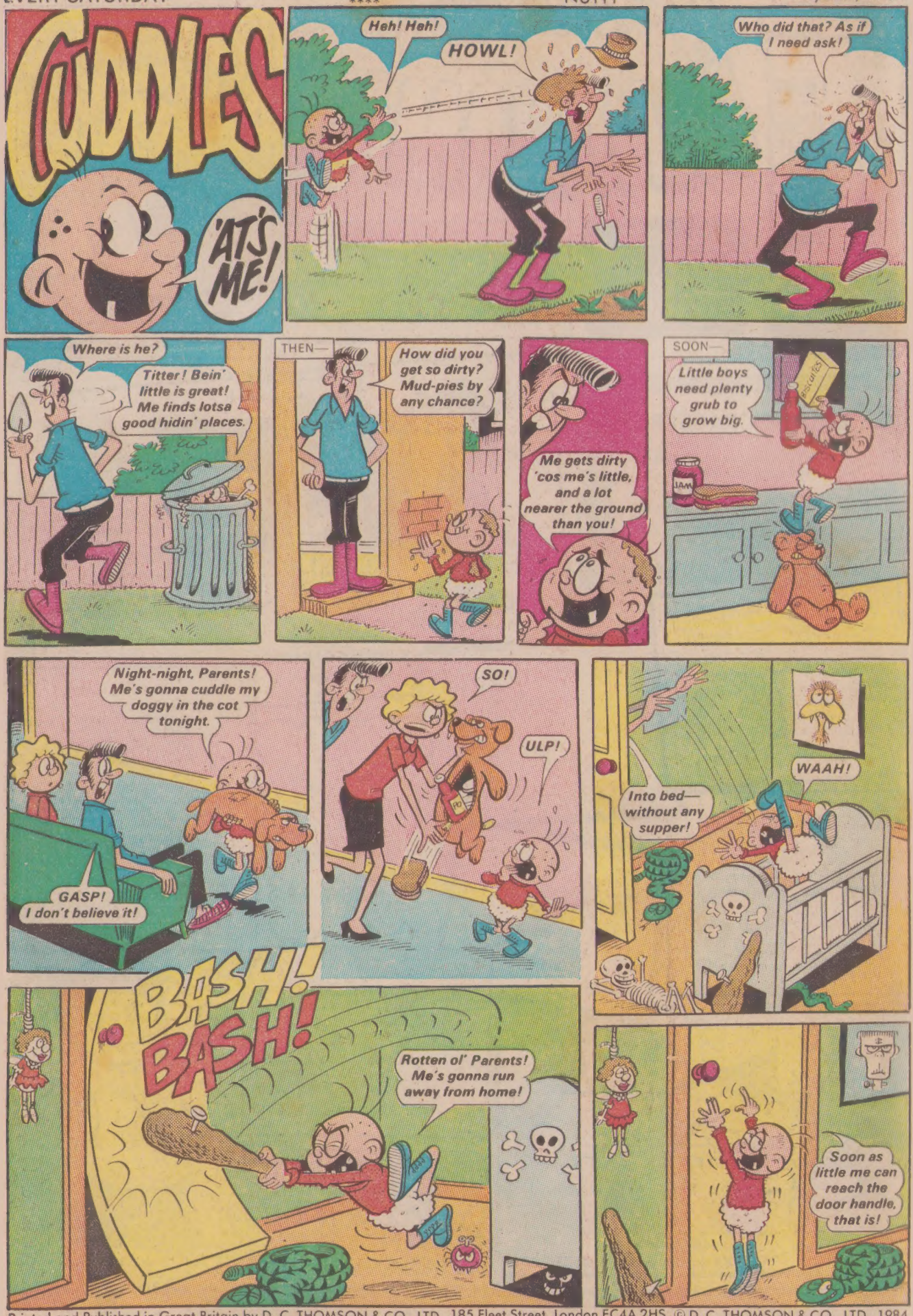
**TERRY COYLE, DERRY.**

**KEVIN McGINLEY, BEDFORD.**

IF **YOUR** LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY. 7.7.84.

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—


CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
Heh! Heh!
HOWL!
Who did that? As if I need ask!
Where is he?
Titter! Bein' little is great! Me finds lotsa good hidin' places.
THEN—
How did you get so dirty? Mud-pies by any chance?
Me gets dirty 'cos me's little, and a lot nearer the ground than you!
SOON—
Little boys need plenty grub to grow big.
JAM
Night-night, Parents! Me's gonna cuddle my doggy in the cot tonight.
GASP! I don't believe it!
SO!
ULP!
Into bed— without any supper!
WAAH!
BASH! BASH!
Rotten ol' Parents! Me's gonna run away from home!
Soon as little me can reach the door handle, that is!

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS. © D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1984.